

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information.

Published Weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 2

Wednesday, July 17, 1918

No. 4

A wise old owl sat on an oak; The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard. Oh, soldier IMITATE THIS BIRD.

KEWPIE BUSTS A GAS BRONC.

Kewpie Burris, our pleasant and cheerful little bugler, sat through six reels of thrilling adventures of our athletic friend, Mr. D. Fairbanks, the other evening, in "Wild and Woolly," and then did some calculating on his own hook. A day or so later he sallied forth to the corral where they keep the gas broncs and looked the string over. He singled out a big gas bronc, minus a side-car, and looked longingly on it.

Taking the half-smoked cigarette out of his amber case, he looked over at some of the motor-cycle punchers standing a group.

"What do you-all gents mean, I can't ride him?" he inquires. "If any of you wants to copper a little bet on it, why just you step lively."

Now, there were some experienced ones in this little outfit, and some of them had learned some things about this same bronc. They hinted, mildly, that Kewpie would be better off if he stuck to his bugling and let the broncs alone.

"Which," says Kewpie, after a respectful silence had weighed heavily, "if you-all has any doubts about my bein' able to bust this yere bronc, why, just you watch my dust. Thar ain't nothing that kin cover ground that I can't stay onto."

With much misgivings, these punchers, always accepting things as they came, and not averse to seeing a few thrills, walked out with this outlaw cayuse. Kewpie pulled up his belt a notch, adjusted the strap on his hat, and fixed his leggins so that everything would stay put, and climbed on. "Whoop! Hy-yuh! Hip! Hip!"

A cloud of dust marked the trail of little Kewpie as he and the gas bronc burned up the distance, and the crew about the corral stood with jaws dropped and eyes bulging wide. Geography was a neutral element with Kewpie on this whizzing outlaw cayuse. Before the corral birds could shift their quids of burley from one side to the other Kewpie was half way to Asbury Park, and wondering whether he would continue oceanward or head toward the open country. That old Joe Miller yarn about telegraph poles looking like fences wasn't a marker to Kewpie's speed. Innocent drivers of machines and animals along the highways hugged the curbs closely, and poor human beings afoot beat it for the high-spots, afraid for their lives. Kewpie was sure "goin' some!" The speedometer registered 75 and then busted.

"Ride her!" Kewpie grunted as he took a chuck-hole flush and lit again



Cassidy, B-10, Goes Into Action.

on the leather forty feet away from the spot. "Huh!" An innocent soldier sitting his horse heard the scream of a siren, saw a cloud of dust, pulled sharply and dug spurs deeply into his mount, and when he got his breath again the cloud of dust was topping the rise two miles beyond him. He thought that out of the blurr he saw a smiling face, with a suggestion of grim determination, a pair of arms up-lifted high. Kewpie even disdained the helpfulness and guiding properties of handlebars in his mad flight. Could he ride her? He'd show this bunch of tenderfeet something in the way of busting that would make 'em crawl.

That night, late, the phone rang at the corral bunkhouse.

"Whoosit?" came a voice.

"Never you mind about that sass. You git a truck down yere to the pig pens, poco pronto. Y'u hear me?"

When the disabled motorcycle had been put back in the shop and Kewpie's lacerations, which were numerous and ugly looking, had been properly attended to, one of the punchers at the garage ventured to inquire, solicitously.

"Which we are interested a heap in knowin' how you-all comes to be wedged into them pig pens thataway?"

Kewpie looked at him in disgust and walked away, muttering under his breath something that sounded like "Aw, you go to hell!"

Sergeant Sherwin Smith, of the Lion-Tamer squad, is the proud father of a nice bay girl, born in Cleveland, last week. Congratulations, Daddy Smith.

PLAYERS' BOAT CLUB SEND BIG SHOW.

Friday night, at 8 o'clock, the biggest aggregation of professional talent ever assembled on the Y. M. C. A. stage will cavort to the entertainment of the boys in the house.

This big show comes because of the association and friendship for the here of Mr. Tony Hunting, president of the above club. With his wife, Corrine Frances, and Irene Franklin and Burton Green, he will sail shortly for France, to entertain the boys in the camps along the front. They go wearing the uniform of Y. M. C. A. workers. They have been inoculated, vaccinated, uniformed and outfitted completely, and go at great sacrifice to themselves. Before they go, we have their promise that they will come over to Camp Vail and greet the boys here.

The show on Friday will contain the following well-known professional people: Van Brothers, musical novelty act; Pierce and Ollie, gymnasts and bag-punching novelty act; Lon Haskell, famous comedian; Dan Gracey, comedian; Fisher and Rockway, blackface comedy act, and Charles B. Nelson & Co.—six people—in a rip-roaring vaudeville skit. Added to these is Miss Corrine Frances, in songs and then more songs. All of these people are members of the Players' Boat Club, of Fair Haven.

Don't miss this big show, and be there on time. You'll kick yourself all over the flying field and then all the way to Long Branch if you miss it.

A CO. CELEBRATES ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

The vanguard of A Co., 10th Field Battalion, arrived in Camp Vail on July 7th, a year ago. About half a company followed on the 9th. A camp order made them A Co., on the 10th, and War Department order on the 17th made a complete job of it, and the company started on their journey rejoicing.

In honor of their anniversary Captain Earley E. Stradley, commanding officer, told the boys that on the 10th they could quit work at noon and start in celebrating the fact that they were yearlings. Cook Harpold and his associate, Cawby, rolled up their sleeves and took out their cook books, and held executive session with Mess Sergeant Kahn, to see what they could work out in the way of an elaborate menu befitting the occasion.

There was some speechmaking by Captain Stradley, Lt. Chester Mulkins, Albert Goodwin, and by Lt. Wygant, who was a guest of the company, and by First Sergeant Goins. These gentlemen recounted the glories of the company life and reviewed the happenings of their first year and touched on what the company could be counted on to do when they had their real chance. Somebody said that by the next anniversary they will have crossed the Rhine and taken their places in Berlin to help hoist the Stars and Stripes above the German town. Captain Stradley corrected the speaker and said they will have been to Berlin, taken it and returned home by the time the next anniversary should come around.

A quarter of a hundred of the original men remain in the old company. The others have been taken out to bolster up other outfits and supply good soldiers to outfits less fortunate than themselves.

Now, A. 10th lays claim to having the neatest, cleanest mess hall in the whole camp, and by the same token we suppose they will put in a claim for getting up the best menus. The following list of dainties and solids would surely tickle the palate of the most particular epicure. Look over this list and smack your chops: Roast veal with stuffing and good gravy, roast pork and ham, creamed potatoes and candied sweet potatoes, corn, peas, mixed sweet pickles and olives, cherry pie, chocolate layer cake, jelly rolls, grape juice punch, (a la Bryan), ice cream, cigarettes, peaches, oranges and bananas.

Having got on the outside of this big dinner, they sat around and heard the speeches and then went out to play ball! Heaven save the mark!

(Continued on Fourth Page).

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Published Weekly, Wednesdays by the
Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail,
Little Silver, New Jersey.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1918

Y. M. C. A. Staff.
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Representing Jewish Welfare Board

—o:o:o—

NOTES FROM THE 13TH SERVICE CO.

It is quite likely that we have a lot of sweet teeth in the 13th from the amount of maple syrup that was taken to the mess-hall last week for the coffee.

Wanted: A first-class valet for Private F. E. Martin. The work will consist of calling Sir Martin in time for reveille, making his toilet, and looking after his welfare. Will not consider anyone who has not had experience in the regulation folding of the U. S. Army blanket, as valet will be taken to France.

We do hope that this new bunch of non-coms know "Squads Right" from "Right Dress," as they won't make very good looking K. P.

This hot weather does make card-boards stick together, doesn't it, boys? But somehow the kings and queens won't stick side by each. What do you say, Red?

Some time ago we heard a rumor of a big minstrel show for the 13th. What has happened? Didn't the manager pay salaries?

It's 8.30 p. m. We hear "To the rear—March!" and Private John Spadora once more starts marching up and down the barracks, and this after a hard morning on the parade ground and four hours in a blue union suit on the tie pile. "Go to it, Spadora, you'll get there just the same."

We understand that Private Gates is taking a course in Yiddish at Long Branch. It might be better to study French. She must be a good teacher, anyway, so good-luck, old boy.

We are very sorry to lose our beloved friend, Private Zo Elliott, the author of that ever-popular song, "The Long, Long Trail;" but we are glad to hear that he likes his new home in the Radio Mechanics. And all of the boys of the 13th wish him a hearty success in all of his work.

Music has its charms; but it also loses it when Barracks 37 hammers the organ all day Sunday. Have a heart, Pal.

For the new boys in the 13th: When you get your new outfit, do not discard your old clothing, but wrap it neatly and give it to the Red Cross. Who knows but what it may keep some war-sufferer from freezing.

Do you know that it is great to see how many of the 13th boys we see at the Army & Navy Club, in Long Branch? It's a cinch they know what is good hospitality, and for the benefit of you birds that don't know, it's all free—free—get me, kid? Pool tables, checkers, plenty of nice writing paper, and "some porch" overlooking the ocean, where the cool breezes blow. They have swell chow at almost cost. A big dance every Saturday night, with good music. Give it the once-over; they can't put you in the guard-house for that.

Who said that the 13th isn't lucky?

Why, we are the luckiest bunch of birds in this man's army. Look at the officers we have. We could not want for a better lot. Then, stop and think of our barracks, away up on the hill, where we can get lots of this good Jersey air. As for chow, we have them all skinned a country block. But, best of all, we have just 100 per cent. American in every man in the service. That's what I call real luck. They even wake up in the middle of the night and shout: "Show me a Hun," and, too, they are the finest lot of young blood from all over this little old U. S. A. Every one of them that has a mother has written her a nice long letter of encouragement. That's what makes a real Yankee boy. And, believe me, if any of the 13th get their lamps on old Bill—well, you know!

—o:o:o—

"Roll Over, You're on Your Back."

When one of our Camp Vail Soldiers got back to camp, after celebrating the 4th in New York, he looked tired and fagged out. Quoth he, as he sat on his bunk: "I feel like thirty cents!" His neighbor, sort of tired of hearing about his trips, rolled over and replied: "How things have gone up since the war."

—o:o:o—

If the express companies want to increase their business, which begins to look doubtful to us, we will be able to accommodate men with travelers checks and money orders. We have been flirting with two express officers in an effort to force more revenue on them by handling their order business in camp; but, to date they do not seem to take much interest in us.

—o:o:o—

Father Lacasse said that if he gave up smoking now it would look like he was a slacker—the price of tobacco has gone up so high on account of the war.

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TRAINING BATTALION NOTES.

"The Great Rubber Mystery, or Who Played Hobb With Lt. Lindblom's Raincoat?" was a moving topic of conversation in the exclusive circles of Trainingitis last week, and the circumstance was that someone placed the Lieut.'s raincoat on the stove and "Tom," not noticing, started a fire to burn the trash in the stove.

If anyone hereabouts "wants to get a rise out of" Lt. Smith (B. B.), just ask him if he knows where Georgetown is. Notice is hereby given any one-street-town boys who go to Washington that there is in that town more than one destination for street cars and that they don't all run to the ball park and back down town.

Wednesday the fish of Trainingitis were the guests of the Town of Deal at the Pool and the number of expert swimmers in the crowd was easily discernible by counting the lizards on the beach and around the Pool. Retreat was at 5.30 p. m. as usual.

Lt. Kidwell, lately back from Washington, is willing to demonstrate the approved manner of saluting in the National Capital, which is an improvement over the Leon Springs method of not saluting at all.

Friday evening at the Takanassee Hotel, available through the efforts of Mrs. J. G. Mayer and Lt. Albrow, and the courtesy of the hotel management, there was held a dance; better would it be to say THE dance.

Were Lord Byron, Lord Tennyson and Kipling available to compose a poem descriptive of the evening, the reader might have a conception of the scene, but for a minor poet to essay the task would be as to hold a candle to the sun.

With so many of the beau of the Training Battalion departing for distant points, it is reasonable to assume that future affairs in the vicinity of the camp will in comparison be as twilight to dawn.

Future years may bring the pomp of power and the pride of place to gladden the hearts of the men who have been in the Training Battalion, at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J., and love of some college Alma Mater may thrill their hearts through the years to come, but the best heritage for those who may live on after this war will be the right to say, "I am a Camp Vail man."

No man leaves here but with greater regret and with more loving pride than he has or will leave any place days yet unborn may bring him to.

The esprit of this Camp is indescribable and the courtesy and kindness of the people who have extended so charming hospitality to the men here have been productive of results which will be far reaching always.

All of us carry away a new conception of the charm with which birth and breeding invests gentle folks and we are enriched of the association.

—o:o:o—
"Your ticket will cost you 2.50 on the new cent-a-mile basis," said Mr. Herbert, the ticket seller at Little Silver, to a prospective Camp Vail customer going home on a furlough. "Make it 2.48 and I'll take it," replied the shrewd buyer, absent-mindedly.

Camp Vail Men Make a Raid.

A detail of Camp Vail men under the leadership of Corporal Phillips, our Chief Bugler, journeyed forth the other evening to Lincroft, of this fair State, and raided an ice cream festival—by invitation, however. This little town stands at the top of the heap for raising its full quota for the Liberty Loan drives. Seventeen times they went "over the top." They put in their claim for the world's record. As Red Cross money-raisers they stand very high. It is said they raised the highest standard in the country.

Phillips played there before, and helped them to boost the Liberty Loan quota, and, of course, they wanted him to come back. Everybody does. Seventeen Vail soldiers went along. Phillips and Bedore played "To the Colors" as they raised Old Glory. They got on the outside of about 80 pieces of cake apiece, several gallons of ice cream, and ate a lot of other things and sat beside the fair damsels and talked about the Great War, as the fair damsels clasped their lily white hands in admiration and wished they were men.

They brought back with them about 80 whole cakes and distributed them about the camp. Nothing selfish about this bunch, anyhow.

—o:o:o—

YANKEE FIGHTERS AND GERMAN BLUFFERS.

The following letter will be of more than passing interest. It is full of life and fight and faith in certain victory—early victory! It came to Father Lacasse the other day, and we print it in full:

"Somewhere in France,

"June 21st, 1918.

"Dear Father:

"Your letter received. Arrived O. K. and have been to the front where they had trenches, and am now on another front, where there is open warfare going on. There is as much difference in the fighting as chalk and cheese. These shells are playing a tune overhead most all the time, and when they come too close, why, it's us for our little old hole in the ground. No big dug-outs, like we had in the trenches; just dig a hole in the ground, and keep your head down when they fall close, and the shrapnel goes right over you. But if they hit, they sure do make an awful hole in one's body. I would rather be hit by a rifle bullet any time.

"And, say, these boys sure are showing the Germans that they are the fighters, and the Germans are the bluffers. They sure have made a big hit because they get whatever they start after. I don't think it will be long before the war will end. After we give them a damn good beating.

"I've seen none of the other boys out of the other three platoons. We are with the same division, but different regiments—that is, my company.

"Drop me a line, now and again. Remember me to all. By the way, Meehan, my chum, was killed by shell-fire.

"Best wishes to you. All the boys of the 1st platoon want to be remembered—Shea, Rapika, and the rest.

"CORPL. H. L. BENTON,

"Co. C., 1st Field Signal Bttn."

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OCEANPORT

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Taken Night or Day

(Continued from First Page.)

It is little wonder they were taken in by B Co. to the tune of 7 to 6. They did mighty well at that, and if the other fellows had under their belts what A Co. had maybe the score would have been the other way.

—o:o:o—

RED CROSS NOTES.

By Mrs. Limburg.

How many of the men now in camp remember Colonel Kumpke, Major Stutzman and Lieutenant Riser? Well, the other day these three met again in France, far up towards the front, in a little tumbled-down shack, with smoked walls and ceilings, and it was Camp Vail they spoke of. Each one told all he knew of the doings at camp. The 55th Telegraph Battalion sent us greetings, and the 1st Field Battalion has not forgotten us either.

10,000,000 Women Workers.

"Ten million American women today are engaged in production of Red Cross supplies, knitted articles, and surgical dressings. And they toil without knowing the identity of the men who will be comforted by their patriotic endeavors, but there is being organized now an army of more than 30,000 workers in the Red Cross civilian relief or Home Service, who will bring the Red Cross in personal contact with the relatives of the men in the army and navy, and later with the returning soldiers and sailors themselves as they need a helping hand.

"For money relief is not everything. The Government, through the war risk bureaus, has provided liberal allotments. But there are liable to be delays in getting those allotments and embarrassments which many a proud parent might not care to divulge. This is the kind of thing which the Red Cross penetrates.

"Think of social service as it is known in peace times in American communities and apply the same principle to the many millions of homes that are affected by the summons to battle, and you have an idea of what the individual workers of the American Red Cross are doing and are going to do as the war goes on. Practically every phase of social service is included—medical, legal, educational and financial. First of all there is home solidarity, getting lonely women back to live with their own people, watching over the interests of an expectant mother, reuniting scattered families, and writing to men in the service about the situation in their homes.

"Recently a young Italian in one of the cantonments was worried to a point where he was of little use to our army just because he had received no letter from his wife. He appealed to the Red Cross. The Home Service Committee member investigated (they never embarrass by sending the whole committee) and found that he got no letters because his wife could not write. He himself had not cared to mention the fact to his comrades, and only by thoughtful and careful inquiry was this ascertained. Arrangements were made for a letter to be written for the wife once a week.

Service Is Simple.

"Simple service, but with wonderful results upon the soldier's state of mind; and, perhaps, best of all, the young wife is learning to read and write.

"Then there is the children's side of it—there are many men in the service who are parents, despite the fact that the public generally does not think there are many fathers in the ranks. Home service workers are explaining lessons to children who fall behind in their education. They seek to give kindly advice to children just beginning to be wayward or disobedient.

"On the economic side, the work consists in fitting people to the right job and in finding out where the job pinches, seeing that insurance policies do not lapse, encouraging people with surplus funds to spend with good sense and be thrifty, protecting the recipient of pay allowance checks from the wiles of the unscrupulous installment men and sales agents, getting the best legal and business advice in the perplexing problems that are sure to arise in war times.

"When the Government drafted men into the army, it drafted, in many cases, the wage earner of the family. The Government recognized this through the allotment system. Many thousands of claims need adjustment. Many thousands of people do not know that the Red Cross is the instrument especially provided to assist them in such adjustments. Every community should know, for instance, that the Red Cross home service is the volunteer organization which carries over the family in difficulty where delays occur in receipt of allotments."

What Home Service Is.

It is not academic or abstract; it is an actuality. It has a direct connection between the men in the service and the families to whom they are bound. Let one man become discouraged through worry over his family and he will become a drain on the vitality of the man fighting near him. Let one family become distressed because of a lack of information or misinformation and neighboring families may become distressed.

Allen, of B Co., 10th Field, after a long hike looked at his battered shoe and said:

"It won't be long before I'll be getting back on my feet again."

Kewpie was calling on his girl, after they had a little misunderstanding and made it all up again. She was looking out of the window.

"Why don't you turn your face this way?"

"You'll kiss me if I do."

"No, I won't."

"Then what's the use?"

Yep! The 418th is going to give a big show in Red Bank Sunday night.

—o:o:o—

We felt very much elated and ches-ty last week when we asked a couple of young fellows who were leaving camp if they wanted us to send them Dots and Dashes. "Naw! Whatta we want with the things?" they replied.

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Dennis.

Such a 'ootin' an' a 'owlin',
At the good ole "Ball an' Crown,"
When we 'eard 'ow daffy Dennis
'Ad enlisted in the town.
"E won't know 'e's 'ad an order;"
"E carn't never 'old a gun;"
"E'll be dropped for actin' crazy
'Fore 'e ever sees a 'Un."

Dennis was a feckless dreamer,
Tried to rhyme a bit, ye ken,
Moonin' 'round, not up an' doin'
Like our brawny Sussex men.
'Ow we mocked an' joked about 'im,
Seemed so sure 'e'd bring us shame
That we 'ardly grasped what 'appened,
When the Corp'ral's letter came.

In a 'ot an' tricky battle,
When 'ope petered out, 'e said,
Out o' 'alf a 'undred gunners
Dennis 'ad the coolest 'ead;
'Ow 'is darin' saved 'is batt'ry,
'Ow 'is pluck wept up 'is crowd,
'Ow the Gen'ral pinned 'is Cross on,
Sayin' England should be proud.

Such a shoutin' an' a 'owlin',
At the good ole "Ball an' Crown,"
When our Dennis on a furlough
'Obbled up 'ere from the town;
Same ole blinkin' moonin' Dennis,
Didn't even 'ear us cheer—
Just woke up to be a 'ero,
Then went back to bein' queer!
—Charlotte Becker.

—o:o:o—

Inheritance from the Radio Lab.
"We're Radio Maniacs,
We're no fools;
We're in the Army,
And go to school.

Poo! Poo! Harvard!
Poo! Poo! Yale.
We get our lessons
Down in the jail.

With these few words
I'll refrain,
And catch that 2.30
Asbury train.

—Cecil Summers.

Summers denies authorship of this
bit of doggerel; but seems as if he was
heard singing it about the place re-
cently.

—o:o:o—

The promotions were made last
week, and we now take pleasure in sa-
luting and clicking our heels to First
Lt. George Back, and to First Lt. Guy
I. Cowing. Congratulations, gentle-
men.

—o:o:o—

Fifteen automobiles came around a
little before dinner Sunday and took
about fifty tickled-to-leave soldiers
down to Asbury Park for dinners.

Maybe they went in swimming before
they returned. Ain't it lucky they
were sent to Camp Vail?

—o:o:o—

"THE FIGHTING FORTY."

It's little we read of us in print,
The reason may be the shortage of ink,
But the rest of the camp seem to get
their share,
So we ask for our space; to refuse is
a dare.

Now let us tell the new men a thing,
'Specially those who I's and we's sling.
We were the first to settle here,
It was our work that made Vail so
dear.

There was nothing but woods when
first we came,
But we started cleaning up and gave
it a name.
A few little tents in the middle of a
swamp,
With plenty of time for work, but none
for a romp.

We built the roads and cut down the
trees,
And made the place as your eye sees.
Beautiful, comfortable and really
grand,
The smallest but the best little camp
in the land.

It was our work to put up the tents,
So there would be room for all you
new gents.
Digging ditches and filling up holes,
Putting up wire and setting up poles.

For weeks we forgot what a real drill
was,
And the reason for this was, just be-
cause—
We wanted the place to look good to
you boys,
And the more that came added to our
joys.

Now that you are here, and have seen
what we've done,
By nothing but work, with but little
fun,
We ask you to remember the old 10th
Field,
All we want is what's right; just a
square deal.

CORPL. CHARLES G. TRUELSCH,
Company C, 10th Field Battalion, S. C.
Note: Written for the benefit of the
original 40 of Co. C, and the men from
Leavenworth who are never mention-
ed in Dots and Dashes.

—o:o:o—

DANIEL SMART, CHAPLAIN, U. S. A.

The friends of Daniel Smart, who
was for several months religious work
director here, will be interested and
pleased to learn that he has been com-
missioned first lieutenant, and has
been ordered to a port of embarka-
tion. It is possible that some of the
men who knew him here will meet
him overseas. Dan'l long had ambi-
tions to be a chaplain and had an ap-
plication for examination filed in
Washington for many months. He
went through the chaplain's training
school at Camp Zachary Taylor, Louis-
ville, Ky.

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RUMSON NITE AND ZO. ELLIOTT.

The good people from Rumson Road came back, last Thursday night, and brought an evening of music and eats, both of which were much enjoyed by the boys. There was lots of enjoyment and no rough-stuff whatever. The entertainers brought by the Rumson Committee were: Miss Warrington, singer, and Mrs. Calder, pianist. Miss Warrington sang a variety of songs well, and the boys joined with her in the choruses of some of them. They called for the perennial favorite, "K-K-K-Katy."

When that most popular of all war ballads, "The Long, Long Trail," was sung, there were loud cries for "Elliott! Speech! Speech!" Out of the audience rose a rather slim, modest, dark-haired, soft-speaking youth, and as he advanced toward the stage the audience burst out in loud applause. He took his seat at the piano and played the song he had written, and the boys joined him in the chorus. This youth was a member of the 418th Telegraph Battalion, and answers to the name of Alonzo Elliott, which, to save printer's ink, he has shortened to Zo. His name is on this great song, and Camp Vail is proud to have the distinction of his name on the roster. He sang a new song just in the making, which went over very well.

—o:o:o—

JEWISH WELFARE BOARD NOTES.

By Harry Kurzman.

Last Monday night, July 8, the Young Women's Jewish Welfare Board, of Long Branch, gave a dance to the boys of the camp at the Brighton Hotel. Over a hundred men had a "swell" time and greatly enjoyed the lemonade, cake and sandwiches, not to forget the girls and the dancing. The next dance is to be held July 22 at the Atlantic Hotel, Ocean avenue. All men are welcomed and assured of a good time.

A party was given to a number of boys in camp. They were dined at the homes of Mrs. Hyanson, Kitay, Levy and Travis. After a great feed the boys were taken in machines to the home of Mrs. Kitay, of 37 Cottage Place, Long Branch, where they were entertained. Through the relations of some of our lady friends, the boys have received invitations to visit some Jewish families in England, who want to do whatever possible when our boys reach the other side of the pond.

A group of ladies, under the able leadership of Mrs. Hyanson, a tireless worker for the Jewish Welfare Board, gave kits containing sewing and toilet articles to the boys at the Friday evening services. Let's not forget the eats that were donated by Mrs. Jacobson and Mrs. Kitay.

Rabbi Chertoff conducted services for the boys this Friday evening in the "Y." After the services a general discussion took place on Jewish current history.

This Wednesday night, July 17, being Tisha Be-Ab, the men are all urged to attend the religious services to be given in the Synagogue in Long Branch, Bath avenue. Services will start at 8 p. m.

WILSON THE WORLD LEADER.

One of the most magnificent facts of the war is the universally recognized leadership of President Wilson. Italy, France, Britain, Belgium—every one of the allied nations—looks to him as the master interpreter of the world's longing and the supreme commander of the forces of the nations fighting for justice and peace. Ex-Premier Asquith of England has recently expressed Great Britain's faith in and esteem of our President in an address delivered in London. He said:

"President Wilson has taken the greatest decision of our age and has carried his people with him in it. Moreover, he has laid before the world the grounds for his decision, the reasons which justified and compelled it, and the spirit in which it was adopted. He has done this in state papers which are worthy to live side by side with the most inspiring utterances of his most famous predecessors.

"Probably the world owes its greatest debt to President Wilson for helping men whose vision has been blurred and blinded by the smoke of battlefield to lift up their eyes and to look through it and beyond it. It is very difficult in time of war to keep a steady head and a clean tongue. President Wilson does both.

"We cannot ask ourselves too often what we are fighting for. President Wilson has done more than any other statesman to concentrate the minds of his own people, of the Allies, and even of enemy peoples upon a league of nations as our dominating world aim.

"There can be no clean peace which does not clear away the causes of war. It seems to me all important that both here and in America we should realize and act as if we realized it, that a league of nations is neither a vague political abstraction nor an empty rhetorical formula, but a concrete and definite ideal. This is a large step in advance on the road of human progress, but it can and must be taken, and when the goal is reached due honor will be paid to President Wilson as the greatest of its pioneers."

—o:o:o—

D CO. PLAYS E CO., 418TH BATTALION.

One afternoon last week D Co. 418th, played a game of baseball with their fellow patriots of E Co., same battalion, and got licked by a score of 5 to 2. From what little we could make out of the box score handed in for publication, this must have been some game. For D Co., Hindman and Lester were the battery, and for E Co. Vitallo and Starck. D Co. started out well by putting in one run in their half of the first inning, and managed to hang up a goose egg for their opponents in their half. E Co. didn't get a good start until the third inning, and then they got over one run. The fourth inning saw the downfall of D Co., and the good-going E fellows ran up three scores. They put across another tally in the next inning, and the scoring was over.

Hallenbeck, physical director of the "Y," was the arbiter, and the fact that he still enjoys good health speaks well for the aforesaid players.

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RADIO LABORATORIES.

(By Wakefield)

"Ollie" is back, now a dyed-in-the-wool Benedict; subject to spasmodic periods of loneliness—since he departed for Ohio and took unto himself a bride. His habits have moderated decidedly and each night we see him in his bed at dusk.

Taking off the trucks which ran over to town each night took the joy out of life for a good many of the boys. A good many of them are seen hiking along the highway these evenings as a result.

Oh where, oh where did that pair of scissors go?

Cheer up, Bill.

Mac and Martha walked the boardwalk in infinite bliss and poor Martha's mother was so worried she nearly went frantic because her child didn't come back to get the train to New York.

It sure will be lonesome down this way when the mechanics leave us. There are some fine entertainers and musicians in the crowd and they contributed their efforts towards making our environments pleasant.

All but six, Freddie!

Three score or more of the boys fell into good luck last Sunday when they received an invitation to go in a body to Asbury Park to be entertained by the good folks down that way at dinner. Every one of them said he had a fine time and was grateful beyond expression for the kind sympathy extended them. Still we who had to stay at home were not really out of luck. Sergeant Hawk had a plentiful supply of ice cream on hand and we had a little feast of our own. That buffet lunch idea is a good one, too, Slim.

Real activities in the 29th's new headquarters. With Lieut. Burns at the helm, affairs are taking on a smooth course and the augmented force toils harmoniously.

Skinny Moore says he has lost 20 pounds; but I'm from Missouri.

That was some brand of cigarettes, Fred.

In a way we miss that part of our contingent which has moved to the canvass area near the main road. They must enjoy the advantage there, however, these hot nights. Charlie Chaplin Greenbaum says he always was lucky.

Quite a few people were interested Sunday after the storm on the boardwalk in Asbury Park as they watched a school of whale about a mile or so out, spouting water high into the air. Some of the girls suggested they might be submarines.

The Chelsea has three awfully nice guests these few weeks. How about it, Ella?

Yes, H. E. D., I had a nice time in Boston; also enjoyed the Berkshires.

It must be terribly boring for Yokum to have to tolerate living with lowly creatures.

—o:o:o—

With the suspension of the trucks going to Red Bank and Long Branch, every night, some of the familiar faces in the thoroughfares and ice cream parlors in these fair cities will be conspicuous by their absence. It was nice for the travelers, but hard on the drivers, now conditions will be reversed.

SPORT BREATHS IN SHORT PANTS

Swimming classes are going to Allenhurst and Deal every night. A lot of land turtles are learning the feel of cool evening brine, and some of 'em have to be shoved into it. Hallenbeck is getting a big megaphone so he can tell which ones to shove in at the other end of the pool from him. Why don't you shove 'em in, Hallie?

Last Friday night, we had some more fancy boxing and some wrestling. There is some talk hereabouts of having a tournament and giving some prizes for the best talent. Watta you say, boys?

Smittie, formerly physical director here, whom many of the boys will remember, wrote us, the other day, that he was getting a five-day furlough, and would come up and visit us. Come ahead, Smittie.

What's become of the star team that beat Dix on the 4th? Do they intend resting on their laurels now, like regular unbeaten champs?

We heard a hint that there might be a building within the camp which could be used for a gymnasium before the snow flies. Last winter proved the great need of such a building. Basketball teams had to journey to Red Bank and Long Branch to practice and play their games.

The prizes for the recent athletic meet have been engraved and are being rapidly distributed. If you haven't received yours, better come into the Y. and see Hallenbeck about it.

We need about forty bathing suits, quick. Where are we going to annex them?

What has become of all those requests for ball games with Camp Vail teams? Last spring we had a whole sheaf of letters, about games at home and abroad.

If we can get up enough activity in athletics, we'd like to devote a whole page regularly to sports. Last issue was almost wholly devoted to the athletic meet and the ball game; but, then that was unusual. We are striving for balance in our little paper, and we need lots of news.

Every other Friday night at the Y. devoted to athletics—boxing, wrestling, etc.

There will shortly be a tennis court across from the Y. M. C. A. building, next to the Red Cross building. Through the kindness of Colonel Helms, this spot was designated and the co-operation of Colonel Helms makes it possible to get ahead with these plans which have for so long been hanging fire.

We have been informed that the original Fighting Forty, of the 10th Field, who were the ones to blaze the trails through the wilderness which now is Camp Vail, have been neglected in these pages. That this is so is a matter of much regret to us, and we shall be very glad to print the full story of their labors and triumphs if one of their number will furnish us with the details. We always did take our hats off to pioneers, and we have that ordinary American admiration for the fellow that smoothed out the rough places for his followers, and did the first piece of work. Come on, now, Truelsch, and let us have the full story.

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NOTES FROM 418TH BATTALION.

Well, 418 gets into print again, and on the jump. We're going to give an all-star vaudeville show at the Empire Theatre, Red Bank, Sunday evening, July 21st. We have spared no time in getting a real show together. Company D, of our battalion, is furnishing two high-class acts; the 13th Service Co. one; and Bobby Hale, the well-known comedian, who entertained us some time ago, has twenty minutes of real acting for us; Van Brothers, of musical comedy fame, are on the bill for a turn; Pierce and Ollie, Lon Haskell, Fisher and Rockway, Bob Tenny, Lester Allen and other notables will furnish amusements. Tony Hunting, who is supported by Miss Frances, will entertain the boys and is liable to be their last appearance on this side, as they leave for Over There with the Y. M. C. A. to entertain the boys. There are several other acts. Tickets are on sale at Company E or D, of the 418th. Come early and get your reservations. Sergeant John H. Boyle has charge of the affair, and assures all a good time. Don't forget the date and place: July 21st, Empire Theatre, Red Bank.

LITTLE DOTS AND DASHES.

The buglers played a different tune at guard mount the other evening. Maybe somebody's been kidding them about playing the same old tune all the time. Ain't they the resourceful boys?

Our old friend Shinn, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Watertown, has been ordered to report for examination for army service. Maybe you will soon see him "over there," and follow his "Good Old Summertime."

One of our Beau-Brummels was trying to camaflauge himself to look like a dark night at ten minutes after eleven. He came to Post No. 1. "Halt!" yelled the faithful guard.

"Halt, nothing!" answered the hurrying figure, "I'm ten minutes late now."

Frequently we hear that soldiers are not treated anything like so nice elsewhere as they are by the good people hereabouts. A letter from Virginia last week told us that these people had it all over the civilians there for kindness to soldiers. We've heard such reports from many other places, too.

LOUIS MENDEL

The Photographer

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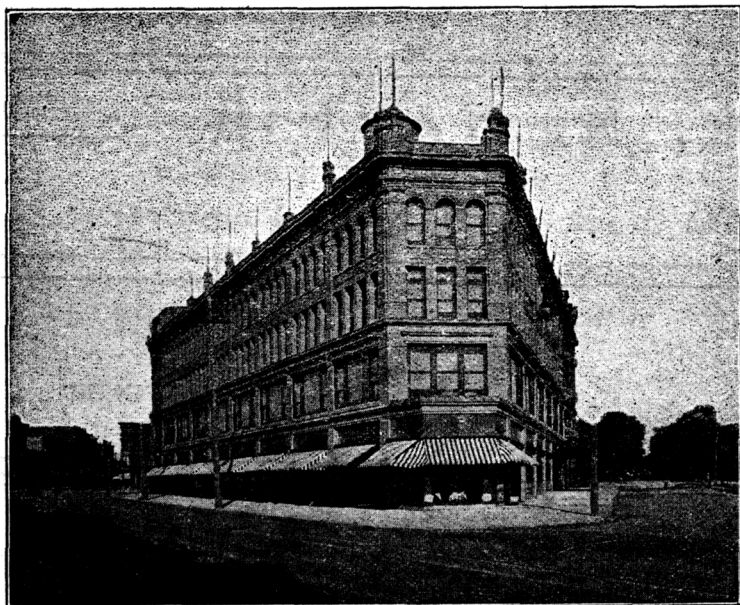
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